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MODEL WOMEN

AND

CHILDREN

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BY

HORACE MAYHEW


ILLUSTRATED BY

H.G.HINE.

D. BOGUE
86 Fleet St
LONDON

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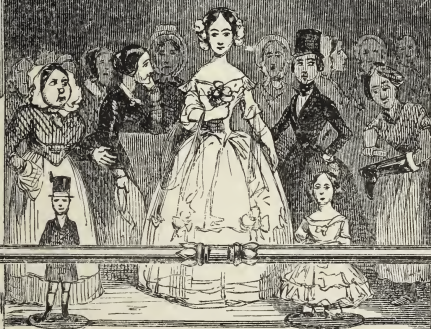


THE MODEL
MAID OF ALL WORK

MODEL WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Modelled by
HORACE MAYHEW

SCULPTURED BY H. G. HINE



D. BOGUE

86 Fleet St



LONDON:

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HIS LIFE-ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THIS LITTLE BOOK OF "MODEL WOMEN"

IS DEDICATED,

FROM THE GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF HER

HAVING ALWAYS BEEN

A MODEL OF LOVE AND KINDNESS

TO

THE AUTHOR.



"His 'prentice han' he tried on Man,
And then he did the Lasses, O!"

OUR MUSEUM OF MODEL WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

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MODEL WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



THE MODEL SISTER.

THERE is one in every home; the very worst brother that ever refused to take his sisters out walking, must recollect a Model Sister.

It was she who mended all his gloves, and used to practice waltzing with him in the drawing-room, and

ran over "The Maid of Langollen," at least fifty times, before he caught the right air.

It was she who was the confidant of all his boyish loves, and wrote his first attempts at love-letters, and curled his hair, when he wanted to be "very smart."

It was she who always ran and opened the door for him when it was raining, and fetched whatever he wanted out of his bed-room, and always had "some silver" when he was going out, and was positive "she could spare it." These loans occurred pretty often, and yet did she ever allude to them, or get tired of lending? Brothers have short memories—but you know it was a fact.

If "papa was angry at your being out so late," wasn't she in the passage to warn you, and to ask you "how you could be so foolish?" If she was fearful of a disturbance, didn't she wait outside, and rush in, and, with her arms round her father's neck, beg of him "not to speak so harsh to you?" If she knew you had no dinner, wasn't the cloth always laid for you in a private room; whilst, by some means, she got you a glass of wine, and came in and out to see if there was anything you wanted? Again, if you had been "out," and complained of being hungry, didn't she steal down stairs, and, when they were all in bed, smuggle a tray of cold meat into your room, and never forgot the pickles? And if any harsh voice called out loudly, "Who's that up stairs?" didn't she put her hand over your mouth, and call out, "It's only me, papa?"

Besides, who in illness nursed you? Who was it

that brought you up your tea, and gave you your medicine, and would tempt you with delicate puddings, sago, and "such nice water-gruel," and would sit up with you all night, and bathe your temples, and kiss you, and be on her feet if you only turned, and ask you a thousand times if you felt better, and half-crying call you "dear brother"—words, you know, that never sound so touching as in a sick room. More than this, have you no recollection when you were very, very ill, waking up and finding her kneeling at your bedside? You have felt this—you must—every one has—and you have loved her with all your soul, though perhaps you were too weak at the time to say it. She was always kind—always repaying a brother's roughness with a sister's gentleness—and thinking herself more than rewarded if you only walked out with her, or spared an evening, not more than one in the whole year, to take her to the theatre. How grateful she was, too, if you read to her of an evening, whilst she was working—knitting, probably, a beautiful steel purse, the destination of which was only learnt on your next birthday! You have not forgotten either her coming to see you at school, and bringing you large bags of ginger-bread and oranges, and a plum-cake made with her own hands; and her walking with you, hand in hand, round the play-ground, or through the neighbouring fields, making you all the while display, by her affectionate questions, your wonderful store of half-year's learning, whilst mamma listened and admired by your happy side? Who was it, too, that attended to your linen both when you were a boy, and

when you were at that neutral age, vibrating between manhood and childhood, which is called (no one can tell why) hobbedehoyhood ; and, when asked, replaced all stray buttons, sewed missing strings on to collars, hemmed your scarfs, was the first to teach you the difficult art of tying your neck handkerchief, trimmed your nails, packed your box when you were going anywhere, and even accompanied you, taking courage from your own cowardice, to the dentist's? Who was the companion of all your romps, and used to pull your sprouting whiskers, and make you quizzical presents of bear's grease, and bring you home all the fine things she had heard the young ladies say about her "darling brother?" Who ever took such pains to make that "darling brother" smart, or admired him more, and danced only with him when she would n't dance with anybody else? And when there was "a little disagreement" at home, and you were hiding in a garret, nursing your pride, which had been hurt by some hard word, or trying to cure your young-man's dignity that had been sadly wounded by an angry blow, who came to see you oftener, bringing you always "a few things that mother had put up for you," and, by her kindness, gradually led you home, where she knew too well your father was only waiting to receive you with open arms? You were angry at the time with the artifice, but soon lost your anger in the depths of your affection, and the quick joy of the reconciliation. Who did all this? You must remember—if ever you had a childhood—your heart tells you it was your sister. If not sen-

sible, then, of all the love which was being daily forced with such mildness on you, you must feel it now, and will turn back with me, and, in your brother's heart, try to thank, as I now thank, with a life's pent-up gratitude, that MODEL SISTER.



THE MODEL WIFE.

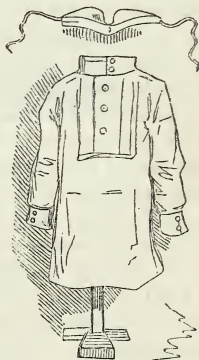


HE never comes down to breakfast in curl-papers. She does not grumble if her husband brings a friend home to dinner, even if "there is nothing in the house." She does not remonstrate if her husband puts his feet on the steel fender, or cry if he does not wipe his boots on the doormat. She subscribes to no circulating

library, and if she reads a novel, she falls asleep over it. She is proficient in pies, and has a deep knowledge of puddings. She never talks politics; or "wish that she were dead," or "a man;" or slam the doors, or shut herself up in her bed-room on the plea of a "nervous headache." She is very slow in tears, and a stout heretic as to hysterics. She allows a dog to be kept in the house. She goes to church, but not to criticise the bonnets. She is not above descending into the kitchen to get "something warm" for supper.

She allows a fire in the bed-room on a wintry night. She has a quick eye for dust, but does not martyr her husband with continual complaints about the servants, nor worry herself to death for a man in livery, or a page in buttons. She can walk, and without thin shoes, or a Jeames to follow her. She prefers table-beer to wine, and does not faint at the idea of grog, or in fact, faint at all. She never sees that it is necessary to go out of town "for the dear children's health." It is true she follows the fashions; but then it is at several years' distance. She has the smallest possible affection for jewellery, and makes the sweet children's frocks out of her old dresses. She is never "delicate," and would scorn to send for the doctor because she is "a little low." She never tells her husband when any of her friends have got a new bonnet, or exclaims with enthusiasm that she saw "such a lovely Cachemere in the City yesterday," and then rhapsodise on the smallness of the price. She never opens her husband's letters; and preserves her wedding-gown with a girlish reverence. She is not miserable if she stays in town on the Ascot day, nor does penance in the back parlour if she does not go out of town when the season is over. She mends stockings, and makes unexceptionable preserves and pickles. She does not refuse to go out with her husband because she hasn't a good gown. She asks for money sparingly, and would sooner "eat her head off" than make anything out of the housekeeping. She always dresses for dinner. She never hides the latch-key. She rarely flirts, and it makes her too giddy to waltz, even with an officer.

The Model Wife always sits up for her husband, to the most unmatrimonial hours ; and still she does not look black, or say "He's killing her," though he should bring daylight in with him, or even come home with the "milk." She hangs over the little bit of fire, watching the mantelpiece clock, alarmed by every sound, jumping up at every cab, shivering and sleepy, her only companions during the long night the mice in the cupboard, or a stray blackbeetle, and her only occupation the restless fear lest her husband should not come home safe. She cries sometimes, but never before him ; and, above all—hear it, all ye Wives of England—she does not Caudle Lecture him when she gets him inside the curtains and knows there is no escape for him !





THE MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.



HE is a tender creature, and requires the nicest care and the hottest luncheons to keep her in good temper. She has only *one* child, a daughter, but she is passionately fond of her. She “only lives to see the dear thing happy”—and everybody else miserable. To insure this, it is necessary to be constantly with her. Accordingly, she “brings her things” some day before dinner, and takes possession of the best bedroom, only to stop for a week. Her weeks, however, never have a Saturday. She has no knowledge of time as measured by the week, month, or year, but is sadly put out if supper is not brought up precisely to the minute. But Julia always required a mother’s care. She was very delicate even as a child, and the little thing is far from strong now. She has never left her side for two days together since the hour she was born. Her daughter must not walk.—“Do you hear me, Julia? I will not allow it; the exertion is too much for you, and cabs are cheap enough, goodness knows! You must not exert yourself, child; so give me the keys, and I’ll attend to the housekeeping for you.”

The shopping is attended to from the same generous motive. The tradesmen soon look up to the Mother-in-Law as the mistress of the house, and it is not long before the servants are made to acknowledge her sway, and come to her regularly for orders. The husband is nobody—a creature to give money as it is wanted, and to hold his tongue. If he ventures to remonstrate, he is “killing” her daughter; and as a mother, she is not going to allow the murder of her darling child before her own eyes and not tell him what she thinks about it. He is reminded every day that “he little knows the treasure he possesses in that dear creature;” and if he hints anything about the creature costing him rather dear for a “treasure,” he is asked if he calls himself a man? If poor Julia has a headache, the husband is blamed for it. It’s all his doing; he knows it is. Did n’t he speak harshly to her at breakfast? If the dinner is badly cooked, he must not say a word, for the tears immediately flow, and the mother quickly upbraids him as a wretch who ought to be ashamed of himself for speaking in that way to a suffering woman. If he refuses to go on the continent, “his motive is very clear; but let the crime be upon his own head! She would not have his feelings afterwards for a thousand pounds!” If he grumbles about any extravagant outlay, she is not going to allow her daughter to starve for the consideration of a penny. She tells him *he is killing her*; and if the new curtains are not instantly put up in the drawing-room, she will not answer for the consequences! She should like very much to know what he calls himself?

The Model Mother-in-Law, in her kindest mood, is fearful, but she is most despotic when there has been a settlement made upon her daughter. The domestic tyrant then rules with the iron rolling-pin of a female Nero. All the little attempts of the poor husband to maintain his rights are loudly anathematised as "base machinations to secure her poor daughter's property. He wishes to drive Julia mad, but she sees through his mean devices!" Letters too are rifled for secrets—pockets ransacked for *billet-doux*, old servants dismissed, new ones hired, the dinner hour altered, the luncheon kept on the table all day, and the children brought home from school, just as Mrs. Spitfire pleases. The house is quite a family Bastile. No one dares move out or come in without her permission. The latch-key is surrendered, and the husband is quite under the Mother-in-Law's *surveillance*, and is only let out upon *parole*. Woe to him if he returns home a minute late! He is asked through the keyhole "if he's not ashamed of himself?" and before he has wiped his feet on the door-mat, he is told, loud enough for all the servants to hear it, that "Julia is determined not to endure his abominable profligacy any longer,—the poor thing is sinking fast into a premature grave, and she is resolved upon having a separate establishment." The next morning the Mother-in-Law and her daughter leave with a hundred band-boxes, and the husband is left alone without as much as the key of the tea-caddy to console himself with. But he is not allowed to enjoy his solitude long. A St. Swithin of letters keeps pouring in upon him from

the mother, in the name of her injured daughter, reproaching him with everything short of arson. He is visited at length by his dread enemy even in person, and after an hydraulic scene, made more terrible by the threat that "she will never leave him till she has brought him to a sense of the injuries he has inflicted upon *that* sainted creature," he is obliged to capitulate: he falls upon his knees before his wife, and begs to be forgiven. The Mother-in-Law stands by, like a stern Nemesis of the sex, and will not allow the poor culprit to rise before he has confessed over and over again how deeply *he* was in the wrong, and "what an infamous wretch he must have been ever to doubt such angelic goodness!"

The husband's children belong, properly speaking, to the Model Mother-in-Law. She superintends their education, dresses them, whips them, physics them, and does whatever she pleases with them. She begs "he'll not interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand." It is at the advent of a new baby, however, that her tyrannic power is the most absolute; the whole household then, from kitchen to garret, is under her thumb, and, the centre of a large circle of Godfreys, Gamps, Prigs, and Dalbys, she administers elixirs and commands alternately, which no one dares disobey. The doctor even succumbs to her; and as for the poor husband, he sinks to the smallest possible point of virile insignificance. He rings the bell—no one answers it: he wanders about a miserable Peter Schlemhil in his own house, a husband who has lost even the shadow of authority. He asks for his

dinner, not a soul knows anything about it. A bed is fitted up for him somewhere in a lumber-room at the top of the nursery. He asks to see his wife, but is met by the Mother-in-Law at the door, and questioned if "*the man* really wishes to kill his innocent babe and wife?" He is "the man."

The Model Mother-in-Law is essentially a "strong-minded woman." She is always telling people "a bit of her mind." The husband gets a bit every day. All his relations, too, who dare "to put their noses into what does not concern them," are favoured with "a bit"—a good large bit—also. Her "mind," like the bell of St. Sepulchre, is never told, unless it is the prelude to some dreadful execution. She dearly loves a quiet family.

The Model Mother-in-Law makes a principle of residing with her victims. When once in a house, she is as difficult to get out as the dry-rot, and if allowed her own way, soon undermines everything, and brings the house "in no time" about everybody's ears. She goes out of town with them as regularly as the autumn. She should never forgive herself if anything happened when she was away, and she was not by the side of her dearest Julia to aid and comfort her. The husband's comfort is never considered. If he does succeed in driving her out of the house, his torments are by no means at an end, for the chances are that she takes a lodging in the same street, and lives right opposite to him. Then she amuses herself by running backwards and forwards all day, dropping in to dinner or luncheon about six times a-week, or

else watching everything that takes place in his house from over the window-blinds of her "first pair front." His only escape, then, is in establishing a Society for the Promotion of Emigration from England of all homeless Mothers-in-Law who have only one daughter. If this should be fruitless, his only hope is in procuring a law to annul all marriages where the husband can prove that he has married "a treasure of a daughter," who has a "jewel of a mother." If this remedy even should fail, he had better take a couple of Life Pills, for there is assuredly "no rest but the grave" for the husband who groans under a MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW.



THE MODEL MOTHER.



HE knows no children like her own; they are all angels. Tom can already spell words of three syllables, and the little fellow is only five years old next thirty-first of July. Polly puts such curious questions, that her papa is often puzzled to answer them. It was but yesterday she asked him "Why he had

whiskers, and mamma had none?" and Mr. Smith really didn't know what to say. Thank goodness! she has given all of them a good education, and there isn't one that can turn round and reproach her with a moment's neglect. She loves them all dearly, and never ceases thinking of them. It does her heart good to see them happy, and she cannot understand how mothers can part with their children, and put them out to nurse, where they never see them, and leave them entirely to the care of a strange woman.

No wonder their children don't love them! Now, *she* has nursed every one of her family, and is she any the worse for it, pray? She has no patience with such fine ladies. They don't deserve having children. Why, look at baby! The little thing knows her, and understands every word she says. If it cries—though it is the quietest child in the world—she has only to say “Be quiet, baby!” and off it goes to sleep directly. No! those who don't behave as mothers, will never be loved as mothers, and it's her opinion that when children turn out bad, it is because they have been neglected in their childhood, and have never known the comforts of a home. Ingratitude never grows up in a child's heart, unless it has been first sown there by the hand of the parent. Why she has never had a moment's uneasiness with any one of her children—and she has ten of them,—and why? Because affection begets affection, and she is positive they would not do a single thing to make their mother miserable. It's true that Ned is “a little racketty,” but boys will be boys, and the lad is too good at heart ever to go wrong. But if the worst should happen—not that she fears it—the boy never will forget his happy infancy, and that's a blessing! The thoughts of a happy childhood has brought back many a prodigal son, and she knows well enough that her Ned would never wander far without feeling that chain round his heart gently pulling him towards home. But it's all nonsense! The boy's right enough, if Mr. Smith would n't be so harsh to him!

Thus the Model Mother defends her children.

Their defects are beauties in her eyes : their very faults are dear to her. They can do no wrong. If any breakage takes place, it was n't the child's fault ; she tells you she 's only to blame. She stays the father's arm when his anger is about to fall, and stops his voice when his paternal passion is rising. If any of the boys have gone to the theatre, she sits up to let them in. When questioned the next morning as to the hour they came home, she has forgotten everything about it—all she recollects is, that young Tom ate a tremendous supper. She supplies them with money, and, if her good-nature is laughed at, she asks you, pray to inform her “when lads are to enjoy themselves, if not when they are young?” She is continually sending presents to Eliza, who, “poor thing! did not marry so well as her sisters.” She is not afraid of taking her daughters out with her, for fear of their age leading to the confession of her own, nor does she dress like a young lady of sixteen, in order to look younger than they. To tell the truth, she carries her family everywhere. The youngest she takes to the theatre ; on a Sunday they all go out together ; she will not travel, or stir out of town, without the whole troop, or call on an acquaintance “just in a friendly way to take dinner,” without having Julia, and Jackey, and Emmy, and Augustus, and ever so many more with her. She imagines that because she dearly loves her children, every one must dearly love them also. She discourses on their talents for hours—the reading of the one, the sewing of the other, the blue eyes of the third, the superior accomplishments of the eldest, the

wonderful "Busy, Busy Bee" of the youngest—and tells wonderful anecdotes that prove them to be the greatest geniuses that ever wore pinafores. She makes plum-cakes for the boys when at school, and has them home on the Saturday, and every possible holiday, though she's told each time, "that it interferes sadly with their studies."

The Model Mother is happiest, however, at a wedding. She runs about, kisses her daughter every time she meets her, looks after the breakfast, puts all sorts of packages into the travelling carriage, runs up and down stairs for no one knows what, and laughs and cries every alternate minute. She never was so happy; and when her darling girl says, "Good-bye, mother," she throws her arms round her neck and wishes her all the happiness in the world, accompanied with a hope that "she never will forget her dear mother," and that "she knows where there is always a home for her." Her joy, too, at the birth of the first child is only equalled by her pride and importance. She never leaves her "pet's" bedside, and stops to comfort her, and be the first to kiss the baby. She attends every christening, and nearly ruins herself in presents to the nurses, and coral necklaces, and magnificent bibs and tuckers. At Christmas she has all her children to dine with her; it has been the practice of the family as long as she can recollect, and if there is a daughter abroad, or a son in disgrace no one exactly knows where, she is the first to call recollection to the fact, and to propose the health of the missing one after dinner, joined with the prayer that

he or she "may soon be among them again." In the evening she arranges the romps for the boys and girls, and is not the least offended if any one calls her "grandmother." Little presents are given, forfeits are played, glasses of weak negus are handed round, and a Happy Christmas is drank to all. Sir Roger de Coverley finishes the amusements, in which she leads off the dance with her husband, after dragging him away from the whist-table, and she keeps up the fun as long as anybody. At last it is getting late; her children crowd round her, they kiss her, and hang about her, and there is nothing but one loud "God bless you, mother!" heard on all sides. This wish springs from the heart of every one, for there is not a child but who has felt, in sickness as in health, in adversity as in prosperity, abroad or at home, the love and kindness of the MODEL MOTHER.



THE MODEL SPOILT BOY.



HE will do as he likes. He will dirty his clothes, he will tear his trousers, he will break the windows, and no one shall prevent him. He cares nothing for nobody—not he; and he will cry if he chooses. He's not going to school; he hates it, and he does not care if he's a dunce. Ma' said he was n't

to learn if it gave him a *neadache*. He likes playing best, and only wishes he was a king, he would eat such lots of buns all day. Do you like ginger-beer?—*he* does.

The servants are nasty creatures—that they are; and he'll tell his mamma that they struck him, and won't they just catch it! He does not care if it is "a story." Where does he expect to go to? He knows well enough, but he's not going to tell you—it's so jolly likely. His papa is much richer than your's. Won't you give him a shilling? You won't? Well, you're a nasty, stingy man, and Ma' said you'd a big nose, and that you only came to dinner. Oh, yes! you'd better strike him; he kicked nurse yesterday—he should like to see you do it. Isn't it plummy catching flies and putting 'em inside a watch?—he's done it over and over again—it's such fun! Have you ever stuck cockchafer? Crikey! isn't it a lark just giving 'em paper tails, and set 'em flying in church? He and Harry Simmonds melted Polly's doll yesterday before the fire—there isn't a bit of the head and shoulders left now. He isn't a naughty boy—he will scream. Ma' says she'd eat herself if she was half as ugly as you. He wont take any medicine—he does not care if he does die. It's precious nasty stuff—ah, he's glad he's broken the bottle. He'll tell you a secret if you won't tell: Aunt Jane wears a wig—Pa' and Ma' quarrel so sometimes; Ma' says Pa's a brute, and then Pa' calls Ma' a "big millstone round his neck." He didn't steal the fruit—he only took a napple, and two pears, and a norange, and a nandful of nuts—that's all. He won't be a good boy. He won't let go your whiskers. If you'll give him a shilling, p'r'aps he will. He won't go to bed. Ma' lets him sit up as long as he likes. He will stamp. He

won't leave go of the table-cloth—no, he won't. He doesn't care if he does pull all the tea-things over. Ugh! ugh! ugh! he'll tell his Ma'! Ugh!—you'd better not hit him again, or he'll be ill and die of the measles—that he will. Booh-ugh-oooh!—he's jolly glad he's spilt the tea-urn—he'll do it every day, if you don't leave him alone. You're a nasty beast—u-u-ugh—that you are.

The Model Spoilt Boy is carried off at last, amidst a chorus of his own screams, but not before he has upset several cups and saucers, and distributed his kicks very impartially all round. The screams are continued up-stairs, and prolonged under the bed-clothes, till he falls asleep—the only period he is ever quiet. The next day his “Pa'” determines to send him to school. “Ma'” opposes, and her pet child resists; several broken windows attest the fury of the struggle; but for once the maternal authority is overpowered. The young Nero of the nursery is packed off into the country. When he comes home for the holidays, he is wonderfully tamed; but it takes several half-years thoroughly to eradicate his profound savageness, and to make of him a sweet child that foregoes his natural love for teasing the cat, and worrying the servants, and breaking the windows, and putting gun-powder into the snuffers, and wiping his dirty hands on gentlemen's trowsers. Sometimes he's cured of screaming, but is troubled with dreadful fits of sulking, that will continue for days together, as if it were his only consolation for no longer pinching his little

brothers and sisters, or running pins into the little baby, or giving bluebottles a watery grave in the milk-jug. These sulks may, with care and a strong hand, be weeded from his barren disposition, but generally they lie, with his other faults, far too deep to be rooted out; and as the Child is the reputed Father to the Man, so a despotic husband, or a tyrannic parent, is only too frequently the son of the MODEL SPOILT BOY.



THE MODEL BABY.



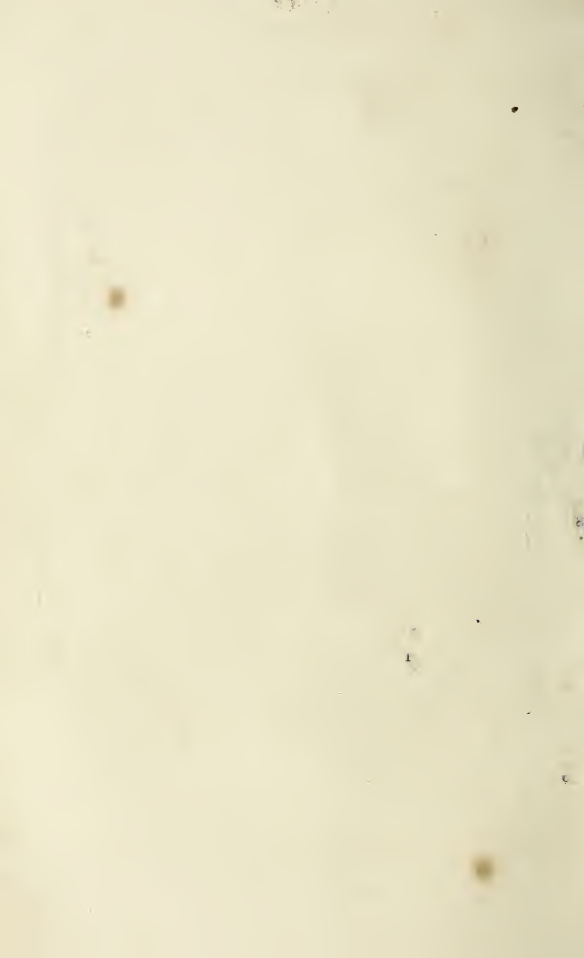
is the image of its father, unless it is the very picture of its mother. It is the best tempered little thing in the world, never crying but in the middle of the night, or screaming but when it is being washed. It is astonishing how quiet it is whilst feeding. It understands everything, and proves its love for learning by tearing the leaves out of every book, and grasping with both hands at the engravings. It is the cleverest

child that was ever born, and says "papa," or something very like it, when scarcely a month old. It takes early to pulling whiskers, preferring those of strangers. It has only one complaint, and that is the wind; but it is frequently troubled with it. It is the most wonderful child that was ever seen, and would





THE MODEL BABY



swallow both its tiny fists, if it was not for a habit of choking. It dislikes leaving home, rarely stopping on a visit longer than a day. It has a strange hostility for its nurse's cap and nose, which it will clutch and hold with savage tenacity, if in the least offended. It is never happy but in its mother's arms, especially if it is being nursed by a gentleman. It prefers the floor to the cradle, which it never stops in longer than it can help. It is very playful, delighting in pulling the table-cloth off, or knocking the china ornaments off the mantelpiece, or upsetting its food on somebody's lap. It invents a new language of its own, almost before it can speak, which is perfectly intelligible to its parents, though Greek to every one else. It is not fond of public entertainments, invariably crying before it has been at one five minutes. It dislikes treachery in any shape, and repels the spoonful of ugar if it fancies there is a powder at the bottom of it. Medicine is its greatest horror, next to cold water. It has no particular love for dress, generally tearing to pieces any handsome piece of finery, lace especially, as soon as it is put on. It inquires deeply into everything, and is very penetrating in the construction of a drum, the economy of a work-box, or the anatomy of a doll, which it likes all the better without any head or arms. It has an intuitive hatred of a doctor, and fights with all its legs, and hands, and first teeth, against his endearments. It has a most extraordinary taste for colours, imbibing them greedily in every shape, more especially from the wooden tenants of Noah's Ark, which are to be found in the mouth of

every baby. In fact, there never was a child like it, and the Model Baby proves this by surviving the thousand-and-one experiments of rival grannies and mothers-in-law, and outliving, to the athletic age of kilts and bare legs, the villanous compounds of Godfrey and Dalby, and the whole poison-chest of Elixirs, Carminatives, and Cordials, which babies are physically heir to.



THE MODEL MONTHLY NURSE.



SHE is opposed breath and body to chloroform. Ether, too, is an abomination in her eyes. She considers both the one and the other were invented to take the bread out of her mouth. She hates all "new-fangled ways." But she does not oppose the Doctor—she only does as she likes. It is always "our patient," and "we're getting on wonderful well, but extremely delicate, Doctor." To inquiries, however, from the street door, it is never

more than "as well as can be expected." The bulletin of the most Model Monthly Nurse never was more sanguine than that. Her expectations, in fact, are very moderate. She does not expect to stop longer than the month. She expects three meals a-day, and a glass of something warm before going to bed—or to sleep, rather. She expects to have one servant to wait upon her, and to have the bell answered the first time she rings it. She expects to have warm water kept for her all day and night. She expects half-a-crown at least from carriage acquaintances, something large from "the dear lady's" father and mother, but not more than a shilling from poor relations. But she gives caudle and curtseys to all. She is above standing at the door, with her hand hollowed out, like a pew-opener. Here her expectations end—they finish at the threshold of the bed-room door, excepting when her reign is over (like a magazine, it rarely goes beyond the month), and then she does expect something over and above her wages from "master," and a shawl, at least, from her "dear lady." She expects, also, plenty of porter for dinner, and a pint for luncheon. She has such a "weak digester."

The Model Nurse is most punctual to her time; rather the day before than after. She is never idle. She cuts up an old glove for the door-knocker. She has quite a stud of horses ready aired with linen for "the dear little poppet." She has taken off her goloshes, hung up her pattens, and put on her list slippers. Her big nightcap lies ready for action. She is quite breathless. She only leaves the bedside

upon the greatest emergency. Nothing but supper will tear her away from it. She has her little vanities, and is much tickled with straw in the street.

When the happy moment has arrived, her coolness, her nerve, her importance, her power of command, her bustle, cannot be exceeded. If the husband dares to put his nose into the room, he is immediately pushed out. The whole house is at her disposal. Grandmamma, even, is put into a corner—the Doctor sinks into a mere black shadow—the servants run quickest at her orders. No one moves, not a person comes in, without her crying out, in a whisper of agony, “Hussssh.” She alone has the power of opening the bed-room curtains—she alone has the authority to withdraw the bolt of the door—she alone has the handling of baby and the privilege of withdrawing the flannels that are curled round it, like a hot roll, to keep it warm—and showing its face, and hands, and feet, to its young brothers and sisters. No one is allowed to take it out of the cradle without Nurse’s permission. Young ladies, who have such an extraordinary love (in public) for everybody’s babies, are not allowed to kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss it again and again, and toss it up and clatter “chuky! chuky! chuky!” until it cries, without the express sanction of Nurse. Man, during the first thirty days of his existence, is the property of the Monthly Nurse. Every one must feel this, for if there is one thing truer than another in this sceptical world, it is that “we all have been babies once.” If there is a woman who can contradict that, I hope I may never meet her.

The Model Nurse, however, does not ill-use her young property. She sings to it her choicest songs, and chirrups, and talks with it, putting the most curious questions, without ever waiting for an answer to a single one of them. "Shall it be a Princy-wincy?" or, "Did its naughty little finger-pinger go into its little angel's eye, and hurt my little 'poppsy-moppsy-woppsy?" or, "Was it that nasty bow-wow that prevented it going to by-bye?" It is coaxed off to sleep in the kindest manner, Nurse hiding it in her breast, whispering in its ear some nursery tune, and beating time with her slipper. This is done without any manual force, or shaking, as if it were a medicine-bottle, and without the aid of old Bogie or the "black man a-coming round the corner." Rarely does she smack the baby on its back when it is choking, or when her dinner is nearly ready. She would as soon think of eating her cucumber without pepper, salt, and vinegar, as pinching "her dear little ducksy-wucksy." She is most motherly, and does not make it cough when feeding it with a disproportioned spoon, nor take any of the baby's food herself. She is very clever in detecting resemblances, but a strong family likeness generally runs through all her babies. Never did she have a child born but what it had its "dear father's nose," and "its mother's pretty eyes, bless it."

She talks of the children frequently as if they were her own. She will tell you, "I was dreadfully distressed last year, sir. I had ten children in nine months; but that was not so bad as the year before, for I had twins twice running. I thought I should

never get over it; but they are all doing well, thank Heaven."

Her superstitions are few. If the child is born on a Friday, she holds her tongue about it. If, Quaker-like, however, it is born "with a caul," so much the better—it is her perquisite. She hunts for moles and marks, but draws no prognostications from them. Her delight with twins is unbounded; and this is no duplicity, because her gratuities sensibly increase: but because her importance swells twice as big. She becomes incorporated with the mighty event; and no one derives more consequence, more pleasure (and decidedly more profit), from it than Nurse: for the heart must indeed be asphalte—harder even, for asphalte melts sometimes—to refuse half-a-crown to a nurse with a double attraction. The eldest she marks with a gay ribbon; and this is the only distinction she makes between the two. She is most particular about the exact difference of their ages. Only think of the after-value of her testimony! One word from her, and one of those dear little babies is a beggar for life. She knows well enough that in Law, when there is a disputed race between two brothers, it is invariably he who has the start who carries off the prize. If this is so important, then, between two, what must it not be when there is a lot of brothers all entered for the same race? It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if the Model Nurse is so particular about the value of a minute! Many an elder brother would be living, perhaps, in a second floor, but for her!

The Model Nurse can sleep anywhere—in an arm-

chair, or a bed-stool, or on a sofa. "Nature's gentle restorer" visits her at a single wink. She does not snore. A touch, a sigh almost, wakes her up, and, in a second, she is by the head of her patient, offering all sorts of remedies, and smoothing the pillow. She does not take snuff.

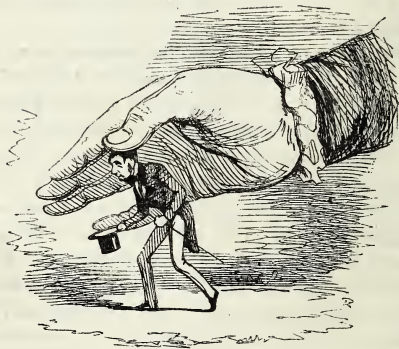
It is curious she never goes to bed. At least, during my long experience, I never recollect an instance of a nurse undressing. A nightcap and a mysterious black bottle, and she would sleep like a perfect top, I think, on the top of the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

When the month is nearly burnt out, her irradiance grows fainter, her effulgence illumines a smaller circle, every day. She no longer barricades the door, she mixes freely with the servants, and will sow on a button for "Master." She takes anything there is for dinner, and does not ring for a lemon after tea. At last! she leaves with her bundle (Nurses don't move much on the "trunk" line), and calls two or three days afterwards to see the "sweet little cherub," and to inquire how her "dear good lady is getting on." As years whirl on, she becomes the mother (No. 2) of a large family, and delights in reminding you, every time she sees you, that she brought you into the world. "Ah! Master Horace" (let you be ever so old, it is always Master), "what a lovely baby you were to be sure; but you've grown since then;" and then she unrolls various little anecdotes, at which you smile with manly contempt, about your infancy and that of all your brothers and sisters; and it is very strange

that you were every one of you "the most lovely babies." Believe Nurse, and you are all quite a family of "angels." She rattles on, knows the date almost to a minute of each birth. "Yes! I recollect, it was twins, for it was a good fruit season that year, and you know, sir, they say that apples and babies always run together. Yes—how proud your sweet suffering mother was, to be sure; but somehow I thought your dear good father did not look so pleasant as he might have done; and yet you were the finest babies, sir, I ever set my eyes upon—and in my time, sir, I have seen a few." So she will gossip for hours, if you only listen to her.

She is always clean; but her ornaments are confined to a big wedding-ring, as if it belonged to a defunct bed-curtain; but then she is most particular in displaying this moral ornament. She is a favourite in the house; and when she calls, there is always a cry raised in the passage of "Oh! here's Nurse." She is invited into the parlour, and has "just called to inquire after the young ladies. Lor! Miss, how you have grown, I declare." She has a glass of wine, and never leaves without some little present; and from her side-pocket (she is one of the few who still hold to side-pockets) is seen peeping out of a collar of brown paper the neck of a black bottle, which people do say is Rum. But "we're not so young now as we used to be," and sciatica is not a pleasant companion on a cold winter's night, and business is not so brisk now, and the "roomattics" are dreadful bad to be sure—(strange, that as we ascend in life, the only height gained seems

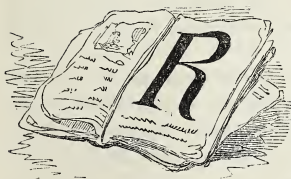
to be the "roomattics!") ;—so even supposing it is the best Jamaica pine-apple rum, it would be a most shabby thing, indeed, to throw it in the face of the poor MODEL MONTHLY NURSE !





THE MODEL COVERNESS

THE MODEL GOVERNESS.



ESPECTABLY connected, young, accomplished, but poor, is the Model Governess. She closes the door against all acquaint-

ances and relations the moment she enters her situation, and as for friends, she loses them all—forgets in time the very name of one; for who ever heard of a Governess with friends? She never goes out, and is allowed no visitors. To be perfect, she should be ugly. Woe betide her, if she be pretty! The mother suspects her, the young ladies hate her, and even the ladies'-maid cannot "abide her." Her beauty only exposes her to compliments and attentions from the guests, and this makes the young ladies all the more jealous, and the mother all the more irate against her. The young gentlemen of the house, also, persist in flirting with her, and this rouses the suspicions and sneers of the old gentleman. He accuses her of making love, of "laying traps" for his sons, and of being "an artful, designing jade."

She bears all without a murmur, and never retorts. It is her sad situation to be always suspected. A letter cannot come to her by the post, but it instantly raises a storm of uncharitable surmises—in fact, anything like a correspondence is highly improper, and forbidden accordingly. Her drawings and paintings elicit loud encomiums, but they are all showered on the young ladies, who have put their initials in the corner: the Model Governess is not thought of, much less praised.

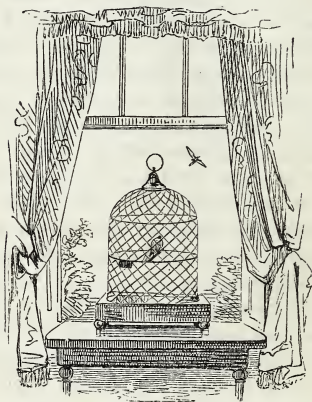
A kind word has such a strange effect upon her, that it frequently makes her run up to her room, where she hides herself and cries bitterly, yet joyfully. It is very curious, she is never ill—at least she never confesses to it. Her dress, of course, must be of the very plainest. All light colours are prohibited as strictly as cousins. It is all the better, in fact, if she wears caps. A pair of spectacles, also, enhance the claims of a Model Governess, especially if she be not more than twenty. She must not mind being told once a-week that she is eating the “bread of dependence;” and, above all, she must “know her station,” though it is rather difficult to say what that station is. It is not the drawing-room, it is not the kitchen, nor is it the young ladies’ room. It must be the landing-place.

Children are her especial delight: they tell tales against her, outvie one another in teasing her—play little practical jokes, peculiar to juvenile geniuses, with her work-box and desk. The whole life of the Governess is a living sermon upon the holy text of

the forgiveness of injuries. Her amusements are few ; for singing cannot be called singing when it is done by command, and dancing is but sorry dancing when you are requested to join in it merely to fill up a side-couple. Her accomplishments, however, are manifold, though exercised for the benefit of others.

She is an Encyclopædia in bombazeen, which must be ready to be referred to at a moment's notice by every one in the house upon every possible and impossible science, including the very latest improvements, corrections, and additions that may have taken place in philosophy, poetry, or puddings. She plays the harp, piano, and accordion ; teaches calisthenics and hair-curling ; dances the newest fashionable dances, from Bohemia or Andalusia ; understands glove-cleaning and dress-making ; is clever at Berlin wool-work ; in short, must have every female accomplishment at her fingers' ends. She knows eight or ten languages, but mustn't talk unless spoken to. Her greatest talent should be displayed in listening cleverly. Her sympathy should be all upon one side, like the Irishman's unanimity. She must have no views of her own, but only reflect, like a looking-glass, those of the person who is consulting her. Her whole life is a heritage of petty meannesses. She has not the consideration that is paid to a cook, and very frequently not half the wages that are paid to a housemaid ; in fact, the housemaid has the advantage of the two, for she is entitled at least to a month's warning, whereas the poor Governess is often dis-

missed at a moment's notice. The Model Governess is literally the maid-of-all-work of fashionable society. Ladies, think of your own daughters, and treat her kindly!



THE MODEL DAUGHTER.



HE comes down to breakfast before the tea-things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She “practises” only when he is out. She does

not have her letters addressed to the pastrycook’s, or make a postman of the housemaid. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head cramfull of bonnets. . She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses, or having a Turkish slipper on hand for some anonymous foot in the

Guards. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking, or make a pudding. She looks attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white-wine whey, tapioca, chicken broth, beef-tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick-room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort, and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a blackbeetle. She does not spin poetry, nor devour it in any great quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father of an evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She does not keep her mother waiting an hour at an evening party for "just another waltz." She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"she would die sooner." She is not above going down to the kitchen to give out soap or pearlash to the maids. She orders the dinners, and is the appointed treasurer of the store-room. She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool and crying "one-two-three-one-two-three" continually. She knows nothing of crotchets, or "Woman's Mission." She studies housekeeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, pays the servants' wages, is acquainted with the price of mutton to a farthing, and can tell pretty nearly how many "long sixes" go to a pound. She checks the weekly

bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on a Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see Jenny Lind; nor does she care much about "that love Mario." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with equal civility, making no distinction between the gentleman and the tradesman. She is not fond of pulling all the things over in a shop merely to buy "a packet of pins." She can pass a *Marchande de Modes* without stopping. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and backgammon, and takes a hand at whist occasionally—"anything to please her dear father." Her grog, too, elicits the warmest encomiums from the old gentlemen who drop in. She does not send home "lovely" jewellery for her father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She flirts but moderately, and has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults from their "Master and Missus." She takes the children to school, makes them rich plum-cakes and tarts, and gives them little sums out of the housekeeping—when the "Charities" swell, perhaps, a little larger that week. She never pouts if scolded, nor shuts herself up in her room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers regularly on a winter's

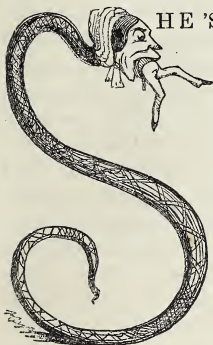
night, and lights his candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's "dear good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being intrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is terrible crying when she is married, and for days afterwards nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the MODEL DAUGHTER.





THE MODEL
LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.



HE 'S very sorry, but she cannot make twenty breakfasts, and wait upon twenty gentlemen all at once! You really must wait a little longer.—She is so hurt to hear that the children disturb you! She has the greatest trouble in keeping them quiet, but begs you will not hesitate to mention it if they are at all noisy. She has told them at least fifty times never to come into your room, the little plagues!—

She hopes you feel yourself comfortable? Well! it's very strange, but the chimney never did smoke before; whatever can be the cause of it? Oh! that noise at the back is the skittle-ground—she quite forgot to mention it previously, but her house adjoins "a public,"—it's a great nuisance to be sure, but it's only of an evening, and won't trouble you much after eleven.

She can't for the life of her make out who takes your books! all she knows that she's no time for

reading—it must be that hussey, Ann ; she 'll send her away as sure as she 's born, if she catches her at it!—You must make a mistake—there was n't a bit of the leg left yesterday, she's ever so positive there was n't—she can show you the bone if you wish it.—She never recollects coals so abominably dear ; it's quite shameful ! The ton you had in last week is all gone, and she was obliged to lend you a coal-scuttle herself this morning.—She can't make out what makes the paper so very late—those tiresome boys are enough to wear one's life out.—She's very sorry if there's no mustard in the house, she has told Ann to get some at least a hundred times, if she has told her once, but it's of no use. She must get rid of the girl ! Lor ! how very provoking—she wishes you had only told her you wanted some hot water for your feet—she's just that very minute put the kitchen fire out, but there's some delicious cold water, if you'd like any.

What ! a FLEA !!! (it is quite impossible to express this scream in type ; the reader must imagine in his mind's ear something equal in shrillness to a railway whistle)—A FLEA !!! did you say ? Oh ! that she should live to hear such a thing ! She's only a poor lone widow, and it's cruel—that it is—to throw such a thing in her face ! Well ! if you *are* bitten all over, it's no fault of hers ; you must have brought the “nasty things” in yourself. Her house is known to be the sweetest house in the whole street, you can ask anybody if it is n't!—Would you be kind enough not to ring the bell so often—there's a poor invalid lady on the first floor, and it distresses her

sadly!—She begs your pardon, but linen always was an extra: she had a gentleman who stopt in her two parlours once for ten years; he was a very nice gentleman to be sure, something in the law, and he never all the time raised so much as a murmur against the linen, nor any other gentleman that she has had any dealings with; *you* must be mistaken.

She really cannot clean more than one pair of boots a-day—some persons seem to have no bowels for the servants, poor creatures!—Well! what's the matter with the curtains, she should like very much to know? What, rather old! Well! on her word it's the first time she's ever been told so, and they have not been up eight years, if so much, but decidedly not more! However, if persons are not satisfied, they had better go—she has been offered three and sixpence a-week more for the rooms—and goodness knows she does n't make a blessed farthing by them. She's anxious to satisfy everybody, but cannot do wonders—and what's more, won't, to please anybody!—She's extremely sorry to hear that you have lost half your shirts, but she cannot be answerable for her servants, of course. She has told her lodgers over and over again always to be careful and lock their drawers, till she's fairly tired of telling them! What do you say? They always have been locked! Well! she should n't at all wonder now that you suspect her?—if so, she can only tell you to your face that she does n't wear shirts, and begs that you'll suit yourself elsewhere. She never experienced such treatment in all her life, and more than that, she won't

—no, not to please Prince Albert, or the very best lodger in the world ! Perhaps you 'll accuse her next of stealing your tea and sugar ? What, you do ? Well ! she 's ashamed of you, that she is, and should like exceedingly to know what you call yourself ? A *gentleman* indeed ! No more a gentleman than she is a gentleman. However, she won't harbour such gentlemen in *her* house, she 's determined of that, so you 'll please take the usual notice, and bundle yourself off as quick as you can, and precious good riddance too ! She won't stand nonsense from anybody, though she is nothing better than a poor lone widow, and has not a soul to protect her in the wide world ! She never saw *such* a gentleman !

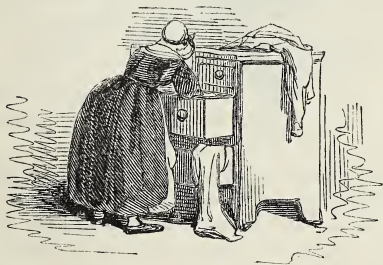
Not a word more, however, is said. The next evening some oysters are sent in for supper "with Missus' compliments ; please, she says they 're beautifully fresh ;" or if it is Sunday, she goes in herself with her best cap, and two plates, one over the other, and "hopes you will excuse the liberty, but the joint looked so nice, she thought you would just like a slice of hot meat for luncheon, with a nice brown potato." She stirs the fire, sees that the windows are fastened down tight—can't make out where the draught comes from ! asks in the softest voice whether you would n't like a glass of pale ale ? and finishes by dusting with her apron the mantelpiece and all the chairs, and hoping that you 're perfectly comfortable ?

As the fatal day draws near, she knocks at the door. "Is she disturbing you ? Would you be kind

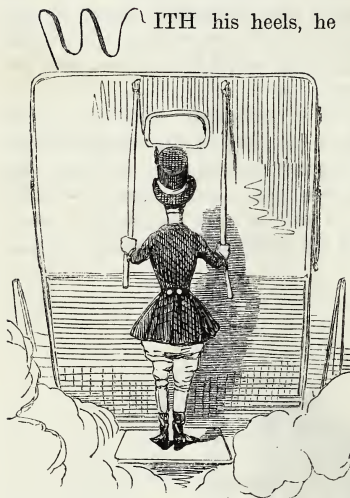
enough to let her have a little drop of brandy—she should esteem it a great favour—she feels such a dreadful sinking.”

The next morning she lays the breakfast cloth herself. For the first time the weekly bill is not ready, “but she’s in no hurry—any time will do. Why! surely you’re not thinking of going in this way? You have been with her so long; she should be miserable to lose you—such a nice gentleman too—you cannot mean to go!”

But, alas! there is no appeal. Here let us run away. Language is too weak to describe the fearful slammings and bangings of every door, and the noisy sarcasms of that last day. Arithmetic, also, falls powerless before the awful array of formidable “extras” in that last week’s bill of the MODEL LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.



THE MODEL TIGER.



WITH his heels, he does not exceed three feet four, Tiger height. He looks best on tiptoe behind a high cab. He never hangs on the straps without gloves. He is far too proud to whistle. He is strongly attached to a rosebud in his button-hole. You never see him with a straw in his mouth, much less a pipe. His tops are as smooth as his chin. He jumps off his board and springs up again without defiling the snowy purity of his cords. He is above swearing before a horse-guard, or nurse, or pretty barmaids, or timid ladies'-maids. He is a favourite with "cookie." He is not particular, but allows no nonsense from the ostler,

and kicks down, most indignantly, all doctors' boys that attempt to jump on the step behind. His knock is a study for a titled footman. He hates being kept waiting at a turnpike. He rarely holds converse with cabmen, conductors, and such-like, unless he is driving the cab by himself, when he tells them to "look sharp there." If he has a weakness, it is a readiness for fighting. He will spar with Ben Caunt, if he feels insulted. He waits at table, and knows how to open a bottle of champagne without spilling half of it over you; the same with soda-water. He is clever at delivering messages and letters. He can tell a lie as well as the best servant, when needed. He will carry game, but objects to parcels—at least is never seen with one. He is proud of the "governor," and always takes a fair half of whatever he does, as, "Didn't *we* have a lark at Greenwich last night?" or, "Didn't *we* astonish them at the Derby just a few?" He is very polite, and touches his hat with the military forefinger, more especially to ladies. His greatest delight is to have a watch; his wildest ambition to get whiskers.

The Model Tiger leads a happy life, is much courted in the fashionable areas, but his head is not turned with the praises he receives for being a "little dapper fellow." He would change with no man, excepting a jockey. He *should* like to win a Leger, but gives it up, as being far beyond him. He takes the greatest pride in his person, in his cab, and his blood mare, which he considers just as much his as his master's. He is as "nimble as ninepence" (whatever that amount may be which is purchasable by so small

a sum), and should like to see the horse he cannot master. He rides as well as he drives, and is quite unmoved, even if he gets hedged in by a herd of oxen, or has to assist at a grand review. He has no great soul for the theatres, excepting it is the "horse business," at Astley's.

But one fear cuts up the smoothness of his path—that is, the chance of his growing any bigger. He feels that if he gets taller, he shall be knocked off his board by some one a size smaller. The long-desired whiskers come straggling at last. He shaves with unbounded delight at first, but his hand shakes after a time; he turns pale at such undoubted proofs of manhood. He would always remain a boy, and die in his darling top-boots, the epitome of a pocket MODEL TIGER.



THE MODEL FAST LADY.



HERE cannot be the most vulgar fraction of a doubt that the great attribute of the present age is Fast—very Fast. Too many of us are trained as if we were to form part of “John Scott’s Lot.” It is as clear as the course the minute before the

Derby, that the quicker our pace in this world, the surer we are to win. The race of life is only to the Fastest. If Fénélon were asked to-morrow what were the great requisites for a young person to get on in the world, he would infallibly answer, “Only three: the first is, Be Fast; the second, Keep Fast; and the third, Hold Fast.”

The Model Fast Lady acts as if she had received

this golden, or rather brazen, advice. Riding is one of her great hobbies. Walking is far too slow for her. A smart gallop does her such a world of good. To be in "at the death" is a series of triumphs for a week. You could almost swear that the "brush" is displayed on her toilet-table.

She delights in dogs; not King Charles's, but big dogs that live in kennels. She takes them into the drawing-room, and makes them leap over the chairs. Her mare, too, is never out of her mouth. The incredible things she has done with that dear creature—the tremendous fences that she has taken, and the five-barred gates—you would scarcely believe. It must have been born in leap year. She knows the pedigree of all the illustrious horses and pointers of any note for miles round. If she be intimate with you, she will call you "my dear fellow;" and if she take a fancy to you, you will be addressed the first time by your Christian name, familiarised very shortly from Henry into Harry. Her father is hailed as "Governor." Her speech, in fact, is a little masculine. If your eyes were shut, you would fancy it was a "Fast Man" speaking, so quick do the "snobs," and "nobs," and "chaps," and "dowdies," "gawkies," "spoonies," "brats," and other cherished members of the Fast Human Family run through her loud conversation. Occasionally, too, a "Deuce take it," vigorously thrown in, or a "Drat it," peculiarly emphasised, will startle you; but they are only used as interjections, and mean nothing but "Alas!" or "Dear me!" or, at the most, "How provoking!" One of her

favourite words is "Bother," so you had better be careful, and not "bother" her too much, or else she will be sure to tell you, and that very plainly too.

The Model Fast Lady is not particularly attached to dancing. If she does not admire your appearance, "she was out with the hounds this morning, and is too tired for that sort of thing." When she does dance, however, large officers, or colossal huntsmen, are generally her partners. Her pride then is to pass everybody. She waltzes as if she had made a wager to go round the room one hundred and fifty times in five minutes-and-a-quarter. If any one is pushed over by the rapidity of her Olga revolutions, she does not stop, but merely laughs, and "hopes no limbs are broken;" and if her dress gets torn, "Never mind, she has got another one somewhere at home."

By-the-bye, if she has a weakness, it is on the score—rather a long one—of wagers. She is always betting. If you happen by some odd accident to say, "I think it will rain," the chances are, she will immediately say, "I'll bet you 5 to 1 it does n't." She keeps a little pocket-book to register her bets. Towards Epsom and Ascot it is almost bursting with the odds; and she rushes about asking everybody "to lay her something." She will take the field, or hedge, or back the winner, or scratch, or do anything to oblige you. It must be mentioned, however, that she is most honourable in the payment of her debts. She would sell her *Black Bess* sooner than levant.

The Model Fast Lady has, at best, but a superficial knowledge of the art of flirting. All compliments she

calls "stuff." She likes persons to be sensible ; and has no idea of being made a fool of. Come, don't praise her ; just help her to a little bit more mutton, and look alive.

At a picnic she is invaluable. When your tumbler is empty, she'll take champagne with you—that is to say, if you 're not too proud. You may as well fill her glass ; she has no notion of being cheated. Here's better luck to you!—and to enforce it, she runs the point of her parasol into your side.

In laying the *déjeûner*, or "snack," as she terms it—she is very abstemious of foreign phrases—she arranges the knives and forks and plates ; mixes the salad, and at an emergency can supply a corkscrew—it belongs to her dressing-case. She orders all the young men about as if they had been hired for the day, and speaks almost as familiarly to the servants.

Returning home she steers, and has been seen, on two or three occasions, rowing. She dislike smoking ? not *she* indeed, she's rather fond of it. In fact, she likes a "weed" herself occasionally, and to convince you will take two or three whiffs, till, abashed by the "Oh's !" and the "My dears !" of the young and elderly ladies, she throws it into the river, with the excuse that "it's a shocking bad one." When pressed to sing, she does not warble "I'd be a butterfly," but bursts into a "Southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

Her fore-finger is not much needle-marked, and she laughs at Berlin wool and all such frippery. If she makes a present to some young gentleman of a pair of handsome emblazoned braces, she buys them

ready-made. She declares she will never marry unless her husband is a good needlewoman. She has a pianoforte, but really has no patience to practise. Besides, where's the benefit? every one plays now-a-days. If she wants a bravura, or any sing-song nonsense, she has only to ring the bell, and tell Jane to sit down to the piano, and she can have "variations" enough to last her in headaches for six months. She can manage a short tune, however, on the cornet-à-piston.

She plays at cards—not for love, but money; will submit to the slow torture of Loo, and even rushes coldly into the horrors of Blind Hookey; but before beginning, she is honest enough to give warning that she always cheats; and if detected, only says, "Well, I told you so."

She has no great yearning for canaries, or any birds, excepting in their gravy and bread-sauce state. She went out shooting once, but gave it up, the "boobies laughed and stared so." Fishing is a different thing, but it's stupidly slow; she would as soon mend stockings any day.

The Fast Lady rather avoids children. If a baby is put into her hands, she says, "Pray, somebody, come and take this thing, I'm afraid of dropping it." She prefers the society of men, too, to that of her own sex. After dinner she is very quiet, turns over in silence the engravings of some picture-book, but directly the gentlemen enter the drawing-room she is chatty again, and "begs to return thanks for the honour which the gentleman have done the ladies in drinking their very good healths."

Her costume is not regulated much by the fashions, and she is always the first to come down when the ladies have gone up stairs to change their dress. Gay colours please her the most, and she succeeds, generally, in attracting notice by some peculiarity; either, on an evening, by the largeness of her bouquet, or little marabout feathers trussed all about her hair, or, when out walking, having an ugly monster of a dog following her, or a big footman walking after her with a basket full of kittens; or else she will promenade the streets in a riding-habit, and the people will stare about in all directions, to see what has become of the horse, and all this passes to her infinite amusement. The first person she meets, she gives him the whole history of it, illustrated with laughs.

Her greatest accomplishment is to drive. With the whip in one hand, and the reins in the other, and a



key-bugle behind, she would not exchange places with the Queen herself. It is rumoured, also, that she can swim, but there is no authentic proof of this. She

will drink a sherry-cobbler out of the same tumbler with you any day.

Literature is a sealed pleasure to her, though she reads *Bell's Life*, and has a few odd volumes in her bed-room of the *Sporting Magazine*. She knows there was a horse of the name of *Byron*.

With all these peculiarities and manly addictions, however, the Fast Lady is very good-hearted. Her generosity, too, must be included amongst her other faults, for she gives to all, and increases the gift by sympathy. She is always in good humour, and dearly loves a joke. She is an excellent daughter, and her father doats on her, and lets her do what she likes, for "he knows she will never do anything wrong, though she is a strange girl." In the country she is greatly beloved. The poor people call her "a dear good Miss," and present their petitions, and unfold all their little griefs to her. She is continually having more presents of pups sent to her than she knows what to do with. The farmers, too, consult her about their cows and pigs, and she is the godmother to half the children of the parish. She is a favourite generally among the men, but the ladies turn their backs rather tepidly upon her, and call her "forward," and she is consequently by no comparison so popular at the tea-parties as at the different subscription packs of the neighbourhood.

Her deficiencies, after all, are more those of manner than of feeling. She may be too largely gifted with the male virtues, but then she has a very sparing collection of the female vices ; that is to say, she has no

taste for ill-natured scandal, is not given to novels, flirting, or jilting, and is no more a coquette than the Lady in the lobster, that great model of the female sex. Nature may be to blame for having made her one of the weaker vessels, but imperfect and manly as she is, she still retains the inward gentleness of the woman, and many fine ladies, who stand the highest in the pulpits of society, would preach none the less effectively if they had only as good a heart—even with the trumpery straw in which, like a rich fruit, it is enveloped—as the MODEL FAST LADY.





THE MODEL ACTRESS

THE MODEL ACTRESS.



HE rises very early. Her first thought is to look at the newspaper, and see if her name is mentioned in the criticism of the new piece. Not a word! She dresses very quickly, and takes her breakfast standing, studying her new "part" all the while. At ten she is in the theatre, in a black atmosphere, ruled with long white lines of daylight, pouring down from the different skylights. The whole place is redolent of cobwebs,

orange-peel, and the stale smoke of last night's blue fire. She attends the reading of a new play. She then listens to the "cutting" of the new piece, and proceeds to the rehearsal of it. Her "part" is clipt to two lines; still she does not murmur, but is secretly thankful it is not taken out altogether. She waits behind the scenes, lingering about the musty corridors till one o'clock, when there is a general rehearsal of the grand new burlesque. The manageress, however, does not

arrive till two,—then the properties are not ready, the daubs of scenes are not set, the stage-manager has “just stept round the corner ” (a delicate figure for the public-house, very popular in theatres), and the young author is flirting in front with one of the ballet-girls. At last the rehearsal begins. Each dance is repeated two or three times, the military ones especially ; and the author is very proud about his jokes, and will not have them murdered. This makes it four o'clock before the rehearsal is over. The actress rushes upstairs to see about her dress : this is a matter of great importance, and half an hour soon flies before the looking-glass. As she is running out of the theatre, she is called back by the musical conductor, “to try over her song quietly by herself.” So she leaves the theatre almost as the boxkeepers are coming into it, too lucky if she is not detained at the door by a loud cry of “ Ladies and gents, the last act, if you please, once more.” She gets away, however, before the big chandelier is lighted, astonished to find the sun is shining in the streets.

She runs home, and sinks in an arm-chair quite worn and spiritless. The dinner is cold ; she has no appetite ; she longs to sleep, but is afraid to lie down. Besides, she has not a moment to lose. She has to get perfect in her new part, to try on her new dress (she dresses and undresses about ten times a-day), to arrange her hair, sew some ribbons on to her cap, and be at the theatre again a little before seven.

Then the business of her day commences. She is an empress in the first piece, blazing with mock dia-

monds, drinking "property" champagne, and giving away millions of tin roubles. She is a saucy maid in the farce, with her gay cap, boxing her mistresses' ears, and being kissed, alternately, by the smart groom, the young Captain, the old Uncle, and the Yorkshire coachman. She is the Fairy Barleysugarina in the last piece, and has to dance, and sing negro songs, and fight a grand sword-combat for ten minutes, and to dress up in hussar, Amazonian, and policemen's clothes; besides being suspended by a rope in the last scene. It is full one o'clock before the performances are over. She has to undress and dress again, and to see the stage-manager before going, probably to be reprimanded for her petticoats not being short enough. She gets home between one and two. It is too late for supper. The beer is flat; the fire is out; and she is too glad to get into bed. She is in a hurry to sleep, and yet cannot. The "bravos" keep ringing in her ears, and the manager's reprimand worries her. She lays awake thinking of to-morrow, for there is generally a "call" at ten, and she is afraid of not being up, so that sleep comes slowly to her heavy eyelids.

This is the life of the Model Actress in the summer time. It is not pleasant then, but it is worse in the winter. The hot-house then is changed into an ice-well. The stage, with its numerous side-scenes, traps, and staircases, is one immense collection of draughts, as if they had been put there purposely, like those in a chemist's shop, to benefit the doctors. The little fire in the green-room is blocked up by big men, in low necks and fleshings, just as cold as herself. She

shivers in a corner, with an old shawl round her shoulders. She has a cough probably; and a thin gauze dress, with spangles, is not the best thing to cure it. It rains, perhaps, but she must brave it. She has no shillings to bargain for cabs. The Fairy Barley-sugarina thinks herself well off if she has a pair of clogs and an umbrella, and blest indeed if she gets a lift, half-way home, in some Giselle's Brougham.

This is the daily life of the Model Actress throughout the year. She is not married, and it is a blessing for her. How could she nurse a crying child when she got home? How could she attend to a baby at rehearsal, or rock the cradle at the wings? A husband, too, would only be in the way at a theatre, and she is never at home. Her lot is bitter enough without any such additional anxieties. Her whole time and thoughts must be devoted to the "house" where she is engaged.

She cannot always call the Sunday her own. She has frequently to attend at the theatre "after Divine service." Her only holiday is Passion week, and then she gets no salary; and the same when the theatre is closed, by the caprice of the Mosaic manager, on account of "bad business." Her only chance of existence then, is to "star" at the Grecian Saloon, or, when it comes to the worst, to take the round of the musical public-houses, and collect what she can.

Sometimes she goes into the country, and joins a "circuit" in some far-off county. Her prospects do not brighten with the change. Her salary becomes a chance—in town it was, at least, a certainty. The

receipts are generally divided amongst the company, and the women do not invariably get the largest share. She comes back poorer in purse than ever.

And what is her salary in town? Some twenty to thirty shillings a-week; and this again is at the mercy of that despotic tyrant, the stage-manager. It is perilled, also, by the loss of her good looks. Each night's illness, likewise, is deducted on the Saturday. But, somehow, the Model Actress is never fined—she never misses a rehearsal—she never keeps the stage waiting—and, most luckily for her, is rarely ill. She not only lives on her salary, but finds her shoes, stockings, and numerous little articles of dress, out of it. Sometimes, too, she supports an old mother. “Impossible! Absurd!” cries the Reader, but it is true, nevertheless. “Then she falls?” Perhaps she does—but more frequently she does n’t. And if the Actress does fall a victim, shouldn’t we rather pity than condemn her? Look to her wants—look to her temptations!—Vanity being by no means the weakest amongst them.

How she lives is a mystery! How she can appear gay and laugh in the evening, after the cares and fatigues of the whole day, is a mystery still greater! How she can go on for years running backwards and forwards, from morning to night, from night to all but morning, in such a dreary hopeless *cul-de-sac*, it is impossible to tell! But it is not altogether hopeless with the Model Actress. Hope is the secret of her existence—it is the talisman that lifts her over the sharp flints and stones of her career. She struggles

valiantly, believing in her heart that one day she will be a Mrs. Siddons, or a Mrs. Nisbett. Without this charm, she could not act. She has little sources of pleasure, also, unknown to us. A bouquet thrown to her makes her happy for a week. Two or three little paragraphs of praise in a paper—a smile, a kind word, or a look of encouragement, from Mr. Macready or the manager—two or three little compliments dropt in her ear by some great man about the theatre, are enjoyments that she never forgets. And then the applause! Each round is as good as a day in the country to her, and an “encore” puts her in good humour for a week; and a lucky hit in a small part throws such a glorious sunshine over her path, making her future appear so bright, that she has no eyes for the gloom about her. These are the simple enjoyments that frequently turn the REALMS OF DESPAIR into the BOWERS OF BLISS in the dingy scenes of the life of the MODEL ACTRESS.



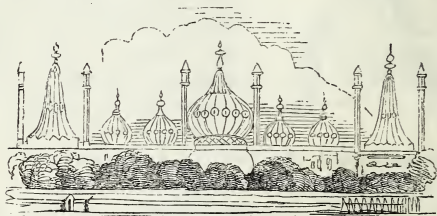
MODEL HOUSES.



TO export Model Houses to the colonies has been the fashion lately. They take to pieces and are put together again like a Chinese puzzle. They have, likewise, the advantage of being packed in a very small compass. A gentleman who went over to Sydney this year assured us he had his drawing-room in his trunk, the parlour in his portmanteau, the attic in his carpet-bag, the kitchen in his hat-box, and the scullery in his coat pocket. A Gray's Inn Lane contractor has sent us the following specifications:—

A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.—This has been arranged upon the plan of the lodging-houses in London. The house is made to contain as many rooms as possible. Cupboards are fitted-up as bedrooms, and beds are ingeniously concealed in pianofortes, sideboards, and chests of drawers. Two keys have been sent to every lock—one for the use of the lodger, and the other for the landlady. The pantry is small, as it has been found that nothing ever keeps in a lodging-house

pantry longer than a day. A large pump is also fitted-up in the cellar. The most singular thing is, that for the number of rooms in this Model House there is only one bell, which communicates with the drawing-room; the other rooms have bells, only all the wires are broken. One mustard-pot, one coal-scuttle, one dish-cover, one teapot, one pair of sugar-tongs, have been sent out as the furniture. A long list of "extras," as charged in London, has also been sent out. It includes boot-cleaning, attendance, towels, and the use of a Britannia fork and spoon. A big cat accompanies this Model House; it has a very broad back, so as to be able to bear all the broken things that, in a lodging-house, are always put upon it.



ELIGIBLE APARTMENTS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—ENQUIRE WITHIN.

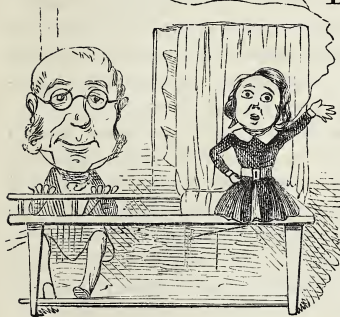
A MODEL THEATRE.—This theatre is like most London theatres, half of the seats being so uncomfortably arranged that the spectator cannot see, and the other half that he cannot hear.

A French Dictionary, and a complete set of "La France Dramatique," have been sent out with the Model.



THE MODEL GENIUS.

(My name is Norval)



THERE is generally in every family a Wonderful Child. It comes in with the dessert. It is an infant Bab-bage's machine. One pat on the head, and off it goes. Its extraordinary powers of recollection are almost "too painful (as the guests too frequently experience) for recital." It runs through *Paradise Lost* in a minute. Dr. Watts, Wordsworth, Gay, Cowper, are all stowed away in its little head. You can have any piece of poetry you like by asking for it. It plays the piano also. You must hear the *Battle of Prague*. It does the "shrieks of the wounded" so naturally; and before you go, do listen to its singing. But stop—run and change your dress first, my dear.

Thus ends the first act of the Wonderful Child. Ten minutes are supposed to elapse—which is a good half-hour when a child changes its frock—and enter *La Vivandière*. Well! I do declare! it's the very picture of Jenny Lind—and, as I live too, it plays the drum. The likeness is perfect. How prettily it sings!

—why, it's the *Rataplan*. Well! I'm sure, it's quite astonishing in a child so young. "How old is it, pray?" "Only seven next Michaelmas!" "You don't say so? On my word, it's perfectly marvellous!—Will you sing it again, my dear?" And once more is the *Rataplan* drummed through, only more loudly than before; when nurse appears, most opportunely, to take the clever little darling to bed.

End of act the second. The gentlemen dawdle up stairs to coffee, when there is the pretty little dear again! Its fond mamma couldn't let it go to bed without its showing the company how nicely she dances the Cachuca. It goes through this very juvenile dance, castanets and all, in a style that elicits one unanimous conviction that Taglioni wouldn't have done it better.

Then its drawings are displayed, and a wonderful portrait of papa it took when he was asleep, with the spectacles on his forehead. Well! you never saw anything like it. But this is not all. Just have the kindness to ask it what is the cube root of seventeen? Positively you couldn't have believed it, unless you had heard it. "Only seven years old, did you say?" "Not quite—only seven next Michaelmas." "On your word, it's a perfect marvel!" It can tell you, also, what gunpowder is made of! and pray look at the wonderful foliage of that tree—it did every leaf of it its little self—isn't it extraordinary, now?

At last the Wonderful Child has exhausted its Admirable-Crichton stock of talents; but, before the company retire, it must recite a few lines of *Young's*

Night Thoughts, and it will be sure to mind its stops. There—that will do—it's a dear good girl—and now it can go to bed, and be sure to get up the first thing, or else it will never learn its pretty lessons in time.

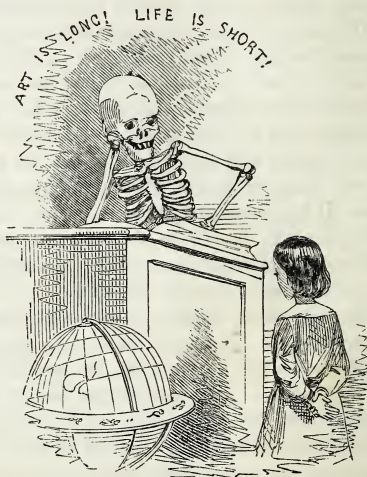
The nurse carries it off, and all the company are in loud ecstasies about its extraordinary gifts, till they leave the house ; when, oddly enough, they all unanimously confess to one another, that that child of Mrs. Peacock's is a most “horrible bore.”

These extraordinary gifts, however, which are most hospitably received one minute, and most harshly turned out of doors the next, are acquired but by the very hardest study, as the sickly appearance of the Wonderful Child too plainly betrays. Its cheeks are pale, its lips almost colourless, and its sunken eye never shows the smallest ray of mental light at the recital of the grandest sentiments, but maintains one dead stare all the while, as if the book were before it, and it was afraid of missing the next line ; the same when it is dancing, or singing the gayest songs. It laughs even by rote. In fact, there is no childhood about it ;—it is a living mummy, bound hand and foot in rolls of precocious accomplishments. It is very clever and very unnatural.

The Wonderful Child, as it gets older, grows even more wonderful. It knows Latin, is learning Greek, sings German, Italian, Swedish, Swiss—draws, paints, composes, writes verses, and studies astrology out of the garret window ; when one chilly night it takes cold, is confined to its bed, and dies very suddenly. Its parents are quite heart-stricken, but they staunch

their tears with the dry comfort that "the little thing was far too clever to live." No one likes to tell them that if they had not made it so very clever, it might, probably, be living at the present moment. They preserve its daubs and scratches and rhymes, and have a cast of its wonderful head taken, little dreaming that it was the weight of that wonderful head that bent its slender body to the earth.

This is too often the fate of a Model Genius. How many clever children have been mortally wounded, if the truth were known, at that *Battle of Prague*!



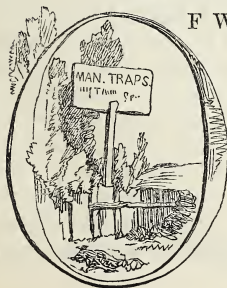
À LA BELLE

VEUVE



MODEL FRONT FOR A "MAISON DE DEUIL."

THE MODEL WIDOW.



F Widows what has not been said?

They have been compared to everything, and yet remain incomparable!

Some savage has likened her heart to an "apartment to let," where the incoming lodger is sure to find something that has been left by a previous tenant. Some

spiteful Tony Weller has called her "hymeneal hydrophobia;" for there is no possible cure for him who has once been bitten.

She has been compared to a magnet over men's hearts, because her attraction is only to steal.

It has been argued that widows should be put down, for, like the gypsies, they mean no good, and only prowl about for plunder; whilst others maintain that a widow should carry, over her weeds, a board marked "dangerous," to warn persons from venturing near her, and being immediately "drawn in."

Young men are cautioned against playing with her, or else they will find it a losing game; for she is sure to win their hand, like at *Ecarté*, by dint of "proposing."

In fact, what has not been said against the widow? It is the character, of all others, that has received from the hands of society the most *coups d'épingles*.

Is there no such person, then, as a Model Widow? Why, of course, there is: every widow, more or less, is one. She is pretty—the ugliest woman looks pretty in ruins—and is, has been, or should be young. Her eyes are not always shrouded by a fine cambric handkerchief. She wears her cap for pure grief, and not for a year afterwards only to look interesting. She speaks sparingly of her "dear departed," even of his failings. She wears no miniature as big as a poster, on a high wall of crape. She is well provided for, or if there is no positive proof of this, there should be at least a well-grounded fiction. She is retiring, and has a violent antipathy for matrimony; so much so indeed,

that the mere name of it is enough to send her out of the room. She rarely goes into society, but courts solitude and dull towns and damp watering-places. She cannot bear scandal, or a ball, or the opera, or a fancy bazaar, or any place where she is likely to be seen. You have a difficulty in persuading her to leave her bed-room. There she remains shut up, allowing no vulgar eye to pry into her sorrow. She does not dress for pity, or sigh for sympathy. Her piano is neglected. She lives only for her children. What! has the Model Widow any children?—has she a ready-made family? Yes! we are afraid to say she has—but then she does not send them to school, or keep them always buried in the country, “because it agrees so much better with them,” or throw a big black veil over their existence. She is always with them, walking out with them, and taking a pleasure in teaching them. But then she cannot marry again, if she has a parish school of little boys and girls? What! would you have her marry a second time? Why, the notion is preposterous! Matrimony is the very last thought that knocks at her heart. Besides, if it did, the door is barred, bolted, padlocked, barricaded against the possibility of any one entering! It is only a dark vault in which the effigy of her husband is intombed with all the graces of mental sculpture, over which burns the undying light of her love. She alone has the key, and she alone enters to worship in secret by herself. Is it likely, then, she would defile the sanctity of the place, and break the image that has so long been set up on the altar of her

affections, to erect a new shrine, and go on her knees to another? Psha! no moral, physical, or any other revolution could effect that. It would be fatal at once to the beautiful conception of the Model Widow. Hindoo-like, she sacrifices herself on the burning pyre of her own heart. If one thing tortures her more than another, it is a proposal from any one. Widowers and Bachelors, be merciful to her!



"A LIGHT, GENTS?"



THE MODEL YOUNG LADY.



WEET as May flowers,"—"blooming as a peach,"—"timid as a gazelle,"—"constant as a love bird,"—"pure as morning dew,"—such has fair maidenhood for ages been described! Our Model Young Lady is all this, and much more.

She bounds into the arena of society full of beauty, conquests, and hope. School is rapidly forgotten, the awful mistress as soon forgiven, her affection for "sweeties" and "goodies" almost conquered, and her instinct for creams and ices so far subdued that she can pass Gunter's or Granges' without recol-

lecting she "wants change." She is very pretty, but not too conscious of her beauty; nor does she advertise it in "Books of Beauty," and "Flowers of Loveliness," nor let herself out as a genteel shopwoman to Charitable Bazaars. She is not a fool either, and does not consider the smallest politeness the preface to a proposal, nor detect an attachment for life in the offer of an arm. Her computation of age is strangely just. She does not think all beneath seventeen "chits," nor does she consider all above twenty-five dreadfully aged. She has not a supreme contempt for boys, or refuse to speak to a young man because he has no whiskers. Her fondness for dolls is not transferred to live kicking babies, and she is not continually begging the nurse to let her hold the "dear little thing." She keeps no album dedicated to her own praises, nor does she roll out rhymes full of the most agonizing feelings, by borrowing the ending words of Byron's verses. She is not always scribbling, though it is rumoured she keeps a Diary, and regularly inserts the day's events before curl-papering. She is a merciful correspondent, and her letters are not crossed and barred like so much crotchet-work. There is no mystery about her notes, no thrusting them into her pocket, and rushing up into her bed-room (that female sanctuary), to read them. It is most libellous to hint that she rehearses the bride's part of the marriage ceremony, and it is equally ill-natured to report that she spends hours before a looking-glass, twisting, plaiting, braiding, and curling her hair in order to find out the most becoming style of hair-dress. No one else but

the very oldest old maid would think of insinuating that she resorts to sour cream to remove sunburn; or ever calls in the aid of butter-milk to disperse a crowd of freckles; or imbibes treacle and brimstone to get a complexion of strawberries and cream; or sleeps in moist gloves to pick up white hands; or has a breathless ambition to procure a good figure, absurdly thinking that the saving clause of every young lady is a small waist, just as if the great architect of Woman had been Tite. Neither does she take wine-glasses of vinegar in her Byronic fear of getting fat. Her horror of age is very mild—she is not always wondering “What she shall be like at thirty!” or “how folks can crawl on at forty!” Her dresses are not sent back fifty times to be altered, nor is her milliner scolded for not making her figure look like the French prints.

The servants love and respect the Model Young Lady, for the natural reason that she is kind and considerate to them. She never keeps her maid up all night, and then wonder the next day “what can make herso sleepy and stupid?” She does not understand the language of flowers, or make a practice of giving away her bouquets at parties. She never rouges, excepting at a compliment. She has as little taste for flattery as champagne or German waltzing; “it makes her giddy.” She would rather not “polka” with a “fast” young gentleman after supper. She never makes innuendo appointments by asking “if you shall be at the Caledonian ball?” or by expatiating on the enjoyment of “her walk every day at twelve o’clock in the Regent’s Park.” She can sit out a tragedy without flirting, and

listen to Jenny Lind without talking incessantly through every bar. She is not always giggling, and is as quick as a ballet heroine at her toilet. She receives parental advice with the sweetest humility, and may be reproved without bursting into a passionate flood of tears. A serious conversation does not "bore her to death," nor does she shoot down Common Sense by that tremendous canon of female criticism—"Bother!"

She is not blinded with a starry Knight, or dazzled by a more luminous title, or foolishly caught by a pair of "golden fly-catchers" on the shoulders of a beautifully-padded officer. Her taste for beauty is a little refined. A pair of moustaches do not instantly curl themselves round her sensitive heart, nor a tight-fitting coat immediately embraced by her as an opportunity too good to be lost. She knows that fashionable men, like auction-room furniture, are only made up and highly French polished to pass off for a superior article. She does not pity "those poor creatures who cannot boast of a grandfather," nor measure her behaviour to persons by their standing in society. A tradesman does not horrify her, nor does she think it a degradation to return the kind inquiries of an inferior with thanks or some show of gratitude.

She can work also, and run about the house to make herself useful as well as ornamental. She does not lie on the sofa all day, reading novels, and imagine herself the heroine of every romance, or long to be an heiress, or a lovely persecuted orphan. She draws and paints a little, talks French a little, but only in its proper place; reads poetry a little, but does not go

through Moore purposely for quotations. Her accomplishments are as numerous as her admirers. She has a gift of everything; she can read music and men at sight, but plays only upon the former. She goes to the piano at once, when asked "to oblige the company," without having a "dreadful cold." She is anything but romantic, and never makes a "little stupid" of herself by wishing to die of consumption.

Her knowledge of the world, it must be confessed, is very limited. She believes freely what is told her, when it is not relating to herself, and has no idea of imposition, or duplicity, or coquetry, or artfulness, or flirting. She imagines she could get her living any day, and that fortunes are made as easily as pies and puddings. She has not the slightest notion that money is requisite for marriage, and lives in a happy blissful ignorance of how butchers and milliners' bills are paid. This knowledge, however, is acquired in the school-rooms, not the drawing-rooms, of life, so it must not be wondered at if the Model Young Lady is no scholar in those hard lessons of experience, which, once learnt, are not soon forgotten. She is as happy as the day—or the night—is long. She is very enthusiastic, very affectionate, and very much beloved by every one, even by her own sex, for she is generous to them all, and envious of none; she never quizzes, or is puzzled to know "whatever the men can see in that insipid Miss Jones!" Mammas quote her as a pattern to aspirants still in their teens, brothers cite her irresistible graces, and sisters give the finishing touch to her reputation by the detracting praise

of envious rivalship. She is a favourite with everybody, and if she would only send her name and address to the author of this little book, and allow him to present them as a free gift to every young man who purchases a copy of these Model Women,* his fortune is made! What bachelor, pray, would weigh a shilling, when he was buying a trifle from Paradise—a foretaste of Heaven—that Society's Miss, but Nature's great Hit—a MODEL YOUNG LADY.



* Mr. Bogue has most gallantly allowed a beautiful letter-box, made of orange-wood, and suspended by two doves tied together by silver string, to be hung outside his office to receive communications to the above effect. All tenders to be addressed to the author, and marked "PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL." Beyond the above stipulation, the strictest secrecy may be relied upon.

THE MODEL MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.



HER age is fourteen. Her arms are bare, and her feet slipshod. Her curls are rarely out of paper. She sports a clean apron on the Sunday, about tea-time. It is a mystery where she sleeps; some say the kitchen, in one of the large drawers; and others declare she has a turn-up bed in the hall-clock; but it is not known for positive whether she ever goes to bed at all. She has a wonderful affection for the cat. Everything that is missed, or lost, or broken, or not eaten, she gives unhesitatingly to him. She is not fond of

the drawing-room, but has a good-natured partiality for the garret, who sings funny songs, and gives her occasionally an order for the play. She takes her dinner whilst washing the dishes, and never gets her breakfast till all the floors have done with the one teapot. She tries very hard to answer five bells at once, and in despair answers none. She always forgets

the mustard, and prefers blowing the fire with her mouth instead of the bellows. Her hands will not bear minute inspection; and no wonder, for she is cleaning boots, or washing, or cooking dinners, all day long. She carries coals in a dust-pan, hands bread on a fork, and wipes plates with her apron. She is abused by everybody, and never gets a holiday. She only knows it is Sunday by the lodgers stopping in bed later than usual, and having twice as many dinners to cook. She is never allowed to go out, excepting to fetch beer or tobacco. She hears complaints without a murmur, and listens to jokes without a smile. She gets £6 a-year, and is expected to wait on about twenty person, to do the work of five servants, to love all the children in the house, and to be honest for the money. It is not known what becomes of the Model Maid-of-all-Work in her old age. It is believed, however, that she sinks into the charwoman at the age of twenty. Landladies, be gentle to her!



THE MODEL MILLINER.



LIKE a fashionable physician, she lives upon the weakness of the fair sex—only what physician has so many complaints to attend to, or such delicate wounds to cure as those of female vanity? Besides, is there a physician, however Pure, that would dress the wounds of his patients in the same handsome way that she dresses her's? She has a pharmacopœia of remedies at her fingers' ends. She can tell what ails a lady merely by looking at her. If you have no colour, she knows the precise warm tint that will brighten up your complexion; or, if you have too much, she can tell to a shade what will make you look as pale as a widow at her third

wedding. She can pad down a circular back, lower a high pair of shoulders with one touch of the scissors, take the fine edge off a hatchet face by a pair of rosy "whiskers;" will fatten your cheeks with a flowery border, and, by the talisman of her magic needle, almost change a figure like a sack into the fashionable *tournure* of the hour-glass; in fact, will decorate away any deformity, or cut out any ugly impossibility, you choose to order. More than this, she plucks from the head of old age several long years, and many a dowager, who has passed her door "on the wrong side of forty" (if such a number ever enters the head of a lady) has left it with the happy conviction that she was a blushing *débutante*, considerably under twenty. Her shop is the celebrated fairy mill, in which by some charm—at present only possessed by looking-glasses—the old are ground young again.

You can almost tell the Model Milliner by her appearance. She is a cheap lay-figure of the "Modes de Paris." She is smart, neat, fashionable, and elegant, yet anything but obtrusive in her dress. She courts the shade with dark colours, as if she kept herself as a standing background to throw out the bright hues of her customers. Her own stock of bonnets is innumerable. She never wears the same twice. Like a French surgeon, she first tries experiments upon her own person before she practises on her patients. However, it is most mean to insinuate, that she sells her bonnets afterwards as new, when refreshed by new ribbons. She is always smiling, always obliging, never contradicting. The only in-

strument she uses is flattery. With this she removes, as with a plane, the roughest difficulties. "You really look *so* charming in that bonnet—it is *so* very *distingué*, *so* aristocratic; it is just your style—it would quite distress her to see it worn by anybody else, and is *so* cheap; she makes nothing by it, the materials are *so* expensive, the price *so* very low, and you look *so* handsome in it," &c. &c., and thus she makes a long purse by constantly *so-so-ing*.

The honesty of the Model Milliner is above all suspicion. To believe her, poor thing, she loses by every article she makes. With a quicksilver rapidity of the tongue, which makes it very difficult for any one to "take her up," she runs over the separate articles that compose the ærial turban you are admiring, gives you the price to a feather of every little item about it, and leaves you in a state of wonderment how she can live and pay for the handsome looking-glasses about the room, when she does business at such a ruinous rate. With her the word "perquisites" is like the word "impossible" with Napoleon—it has emigrated long ago from the dictionary. She always finds a "lady's own materials" quite sufficient. She is above sending home one flounce less than the number ordered, and would not on any inducement—not even to have the royal arms over her door—appropriate satin enough for an apron, or keep back an inch of your charming Brussels' point. Her power of physiognomy is quite Lavateresque. She has always something made expressly for each customer, something composed especially for the style of everybody. Her patience, too,

surpasses a Sister of Charity. You may try on all her fragile stock, drape all her mantillas, scarfs, and *visites*, in all possible fancies over your shoulders; pull and toss about all her rainbow assortment of cobweb caps and bird-cage bonnets, and this she will allow you to do for hours—never murmuring, but smiling as gratefully as before. She answers more absurd questions in a day than a Prime Minister in a week, and is as indulgent to the conceited beauty of sixteen as to the vain coquette of sixty. She is naturally mild and



PAS DE FASCINATION.

coaxing, but allows no frail daughter of Eve, tempted, beyond the strength of her sex, by a too-seductive bonnet, to run up a bill; nor induces a young lady to anticipate her next year's allowance by the persuasion of a long credit; nor allures a simple Miss, just fresh from school, to buy things she does not want, by the dangerous promise that "she will never trouble her for the amount." She never speculates, and has never been known to supply goods upon the chance of "a certain event coming off;" or to post-

pone the payment of an account till "certain expectations are realized;" or to urge, with legal firmness, that Mr. M. cannot possibly refuse to pay for such absolute "necessities;" or to equip young daughters previous to their marriages, upon the base understanding that she is to be paid afterwards. She pays no more deference to the Duchess than to the plain Mrs.; all women are the same in her eyes, all equal candidates for finery. Her foreign orders are never executed with her old stock of rejected goods. She would blush, also, if she caught herself imposing on country cousins last year's fashions for the newest inventions. She employs a long-bearded courier, who, like an English manager, is constantly running backwards and forwards from London to Paris in search of the latest novelties. She keeps two distinct sets of apprentices and girls—the one, intensely Frenchified, for foreign patronesses—the other, strictly English, for patriotic customers. In similar complaisance to little prejudices her goods change from Spitalfields to Lyons' manufactories, according to the purchaser's nationality.

There is a profound mystery around the domestic ties of the Model Milliner. Her children are never mentioned—her husband is never seen or heard. Occasionally a rakish gentleman, in moustachios, glides into the show-room, but he is sternly frowned down, and, after a sharp whisper, goes out as mysteriously as he came in. Can that be her husband? Scarcely—there is so little affection apparent between the two; the man obeys more like a servant than a human lord and master, to whom all the

caps and *crinolines* in the establishment belong! But no matter—the avocations of the Model Milliner allow her no time to be troubled with such small considerations, though she delights, as becomes a woman and a milliner, in every turn of the exciting game of Matrimony, and lays awake at night twisting over in bed her numerous wedding orders.

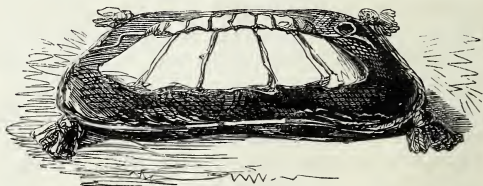
The Model Milliner is most correct. No young men are allowed to lounge about in her show-room—none but married gentlemen have the *entrée* of her work-room. She is never seen at places of public amusement by herself; nor was she ever accused by the most suspicious mother of allowing her house to screen sentimental assignations, or of making it a young ladies' post-office for letters with love-sick seals. She is never seen at public balls—on the contrary, she is always at home, promoting the comforts of the young ladies “who are improving themselves under her tuition.”

To these the Model Milliner devotes her most affectionate thoughts. They are really her children, and she acts to them like a mother. She will not allow them to work more than ten hours a-day. She spares their health, looks after their morals as rigidly as their tasks, does not stint their meals, gives them what little amusement she can “after hours,” and will not allow any working all night, not even to finish the ball-dress of the handsomest beauty that ever made the Guards go mad at Almacks, or to complete the *trousseau* of the prettiest bride that was ever given away by the Duke of Wellington, at St. George's.

A prettier picture cannot be imagined than the Model Milliner surrounded by her young pupils, all intent upon the architecture of some "love of a bonnet," that is to cap all other bonnets, and to be received by the heads of fashion as the prize bonnet of the season.

As the Model Milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Tower of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Channel, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphosis takes place in her name and door-plate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddée, and her shop is called a "*Magazin de Nouveautés*," or, at least, a "*Dépôt*," and circulars inform the curious that Madame Toddée is *de Paris* (of course), and was the "*première élève* of Madame Victorine, and carried off the gold medal at the last '*Exposition d'Industrie*' for her very superior '*jupons hygiéniques*.'" As her fame increases, so does her invisibility. Her "*Magazin*" is vacated for a handsome mansion in some *ci-devant* aristocratic square, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs into saloons and boudoirs with gold-legged chairs and the rosier ottomans. She only receives the *élite*. She "gives consultations"—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her incognito, sends down word that "Madame cannot be disturbed—she is *composing*." She styles

herself an "artiste," has her carriage and opera-box, is more invisible every day, until she ascends so high at last, that, like a balloon, she cannot be seen at all. The truth is, she builds a handsome fortune out of bonnets, retires to Italy, buys a villa on the borders of some lake, marries a good-looking *primo-tenore* from one of the Operas, purchases a title, and is often astonished when she looks back, and recollects when she was plain Miss Todd, who began life in the classic regions of Cranbourne Alley, rose to Regent Street, ascended into Hanover Square, soared above Almacks, as Madame Toddée, and now is the Contessa di Toddalini, all from having been a MODEL MILLINER.



July, 1848.



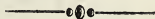
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